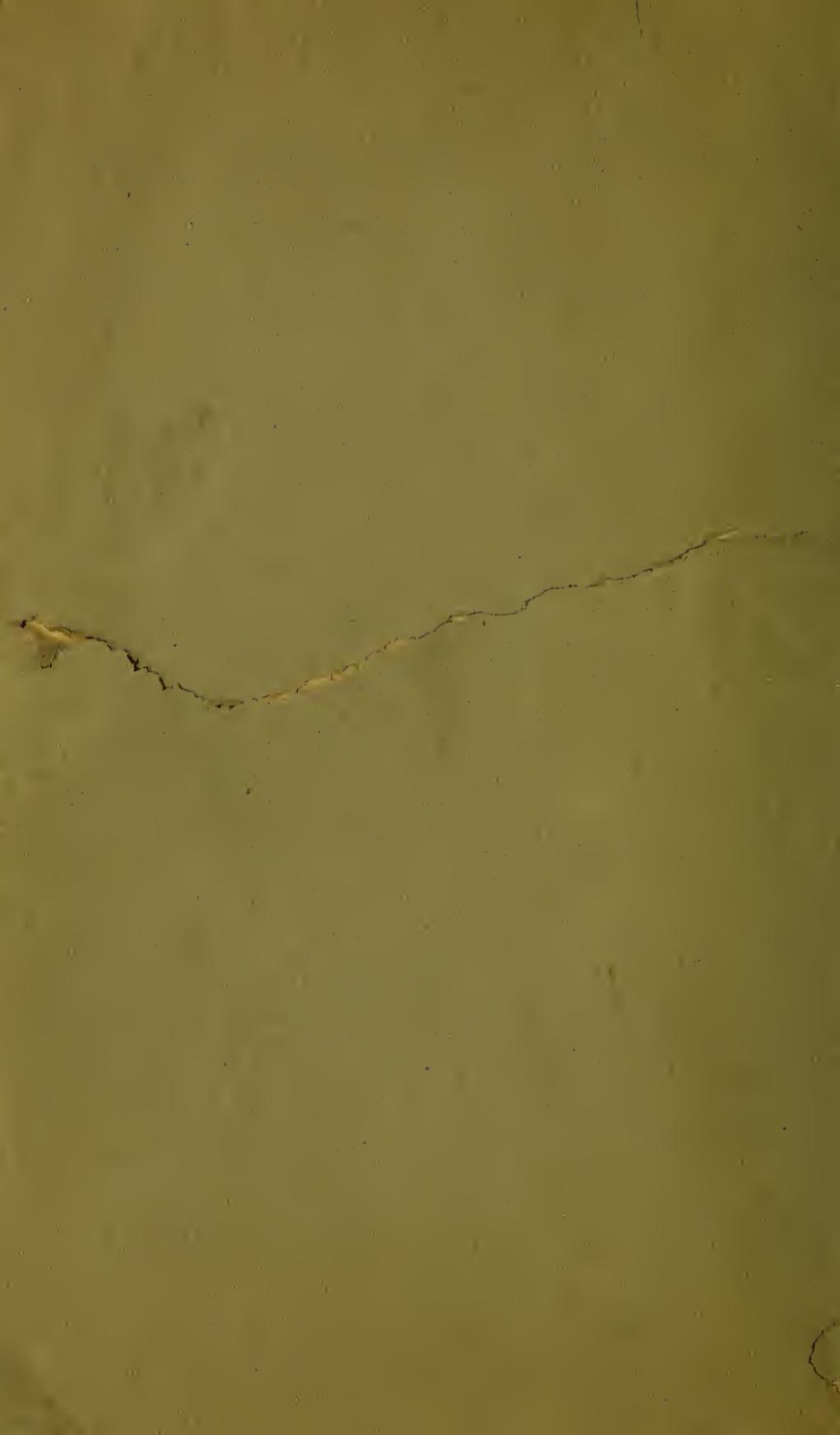


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The Grave of the Lusitania

By H. I. PHILLIPS



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By H. L. PHILLIPS

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THE GRAVE OF THE LUSITANIA.

CANTO I. THE KAISER'S BRAND AND SHIELD.

1.

In flagrant violation,
In contemptuous disregard,
And in utter defiance,
Of the letter and the spirit,
Of the laws of man and nations,
The Kaiser interdicts the ocean;
And the Kaiser interdicts the sea,
To all the world,
Saves the slaves of Germany.

2.

And since we know Rex Kaiser's will,
The self-styl'd arbiter of fate,
As well as Prince of songs of hate,
Pre-ordained to rule the earth,
The Sun, the Moon, the Universe,
Old Neptune dare not roar A-main,
Or toss aloft his foaming mane;
His winds and waves must lowly be,
Rex Kaiser now commands the sea;
And neutral States must stay at home,
Nor longer on the ocean roam,
In quest of raiment, bread or meat,
To buy or sell, or profit make,
By barter, sale or exchange.

3.

Save America—"Bah, America! Pooh!
Ha, the greedy munition sellers!
The cowardly dollar chasers!
After this war is over, Sir,

America shall account to me.”
 Exempt, in part, from the common doom,
 Though puppet of his scoff and scorn;
 Thou art given permission,
 By the grace of Kaiserism,
 By Amalek of the ocean,
 If thou canst trust the Teuton’s word,
 “To adventure forth upon the deep,
 In one lone single ship per week,”
 If—yes, if—an insulting if—
 “If on her hull is painted well,
 Where one and all can see and spell,”
 In words and figures,
 Rex Kaiser Wilhelm’s mark and brand,
 The infamous brand of Kaiser-land;
 In token of thy submission,
 To his Autocracy of the sea.
 And symbolical, hadst thou yielded,
 Of thine own vassalage,
 And ineffaceable degradation,
 As well as of his superlative insolence,
 And vulgar, blackguard, ruffian-like impudence.

4.

America! all hail!
 Long suffering America!
 Patient under insult and outrage,
 Submitting to wrong and injury,
 Ere thou drewest thy sword in self defense,
 And in defense of humanity,
 Against Autocratic dictation,
 Imperial usurpation,
 Violence and domination,
 I salute thee! All hail to thee!

5.

Thou art my mother. I love thee well.
 Wrongs done to thee, are wrongs done to me.

Thy foes are my foes.
 Insults cast on thee, are flung at me;
 And, within my blood, like liquid fire,
 They burn and call for reparation.
 And insults wantonly given,
 Demand, alike, the vengeance,
 Of earth, hell and heaven.

6.

Where is the slacker? And who is he?
 A man will defend his mother.
 The slacker sees the assault and outrage,
 And sneaks and skulks and hides away.

7.

And the pacifist? The man for peace at any price,
 When the honor of his country,
 And the rights of her citizens are challenged.
 He is worse than the slacker.
 He may be a balancing politician,
 Or a scheming statesman,
 Who traffics in the misfortunes of his country,
 And the blood of her citizenship.
 At the present crisis of the world's destiny,
 Pacifism is treason against humanity.

8.

The traitor? He is worse than the spy.
 Compared to him, the spy is an honorable man.
 Thy spy is loyal to his government.
 The traitor betrays his countrymen.
 Spies ought to be shot promptly,
 Traitors should be hung quickly.

9.

And they of the dual citizenship?
 The double allegiance fellows?
 The villains. To the gallows.
 A man cannot serve two masters.

He cannot be an American,
And a German at the same time.
He cannot be faithful to America,
And scheme and plot for Germany.

10.

Oh, perfidy! Since in Germany,
Thou art authorized by statute,
Encouraged and protected by law,
And hath become Kultur's petted minion;
Thou mayest, in Germania,
Strut and boast about the streets,
With a Prussian uniform on thy back,
As a natural born German citizen;
But, in America, we've had enough,
Of Bernstorffian duplicity,
Von Papen and Boy-Ed sabotage,
Camouflage and espionage,
Dernburggian propaganda,
Von Rintilian bomb-explosions,
On the land and on ships upon the sea,
And of Potsdam diplomacy;
Enough to last us for a century,
Yea, for all eternity.
And although lying, in Germania,
Hath become a diplomatic mania,
If not a popular dementia,
Sanctioned by Kaiserism,
And promulgated by Kulturism;
We are not, in America,
Ready to license perjury,
Nor to endorse perfidy,
Nor admit to American citizenship,
The German who forswears himself here,
And retains his allegiance to Germany.

11.

But apropos the Kaiser's brand,

The one that he would burn on Uncle Sam;
 I'll name him one—and of his own making,
 One about which there can be no mistaking.
 His by choice and irreversible fate;
 And one—no future despot will dare emulate,
 Or wear emblazoned on his shield,
 On any open battle field;
 Unless, in sooth, he be a Hun,
 A Junker, or a Hohenzollern;
 And one—that's like the mark on Cain,
 By Omnipotence was given,
 As the stigma direct from heaven.

12.

Come view the brand, the Kaiser's brand,
 The brand of Kultur'd Kaiserland.

A Baby's Little Armless Hand—
 Emboss'd upon his shield heraldic,
 Its place, the center of the disc-like field;
 Below, Belgium's broken sword and shield;
 Above—in medallion—an **Iron Cross**,
 A trophy—to Prussian valor given,
 For raping helpless girls and women,
 And mutilating little children.

13.

This specimen of German art,
 Which shows a head without a heart,
 Conceived in Hades, though it be,
 "Twas made, at home, in Germany;
 And illustrates quite well,
 What words scarce able are to tell,
 The altruism of German Kultur;
 That magic word whose damning spell,
 Sends Junkers where no Christians dwell.

14.

This masterpiece, the Kaiser's brand,
 An infant's little sever'd hand,

Chisel'd on the marble shaft,
 By the sculptor's handicraft—
 Mutely resting, waiting there,
 Of its parent limb bereft,
 Like a child in sore distress,
 Silent waiting, mutely praying,
 Praying to the GOD who answers prayer,
 And who in his own good time and way,
 Retribution double will repay,
 Will, to generations yet unborn,
 Tell the plain and simple story,
 Of German deeds and German glory,
 Of **Iron Crosses**;—and also,
 Of shell'd Cathedrals, burn'd Churches,
 And murdered Red Cross nurses.

And, hence some sixty years or more,
 An aged man perchance, may stand,
 Before that shaft, and view that hand,
 The hand he lost—oh, when a boy—
 Long weary years ago.
 The hand that's red and quenchless ever more;
 That pleads for justice,
 As the ceaseless centuries flow,
 And calls for vengeance,
 As did Abel's blood of yore.

VAN LENGAN'S HAND.

“But, Pa, how did the old gentleman,
 Lose his hand, when a boy?
 And how could a boy lose his hand?
 I've lost my top and marbles;
 But how I could lose my hand,

I do not see or understand.
Pa, how did it happen, anyhow?"

17.

"'Twas on this wise, my son:
A burly, six-foot Prussian officer,
In regulation uniform,
Was teaching a lesson in German Kultur,
In the purlieus of Louvain,
To a class of huddled hostages;
And to make the clinic clear and plain,
Was performing surgical operations,
And anatomical dissections,
With a small, three-foot scalpel blade,
On the feet and hands of children,
In the purlieus of Louvain.

18.

Van Lengan, that's the old man's name,
Was then a little Belgian boy,
About your size, my son;
And to make the clinic clear and plain,
Van Lengan's hand was amputated,
In the purlieus of Louvain,
In the presence of the hostages,
And scores of Belgian slain."

19.

"Papa, do they have Kultur lessons now?"
(And the child look'd up at me—
With such childlike simplicity,
And so confidently, yet as though
Fearful for the safety of his own hands).
"Oh, no, my boy! Be not alarm'd,
They shall not touch thy hands or arms."

20.

"But when your grand-pa was a little boy,
They taught German Kultur,

Though not fully or thoroughly,
In some of our Northern colleges,
As well as Southern universities.
But they do not teach it now in America.”

21.

“Oh, papa! I’m so glad, so glad!
That they do not have Kultur lessons,
Over here, in America, any more.
But, say pa, did grand-pa lose his hand,
Like poor Mr. Van Lengan?”

CANTO VI.

The Mene Tekel.

THE HAND WRITING ON THE WALL.

1.

And, the civilization of today,
If autocracy bears the rule and sway,
Like to the stately neutral ship,
On her outward or homebound trip,
Will vanish beneath the waves Lethean—
A derelict on the ocean—oblivion—
Leaving no floating spar, life belt, or wreckage
behind,
To mark the advance, the high tide,
Reached by the human mind.

2.

And a paganized, Kulturized,
Prussian materialism,
Will become the world wide State religion;
And democracy, government by the people,
In the final triumph of imperialism,
Will perish from the earth.

3.

Forth from the womb of time,
Epochs have come, will come,
Unless the present be the last,
When, into the balance,
Man's destiny is cast.

4.

The world was, at Chalons,
Anti-Hun, or Hun, to be.
At Tours, Saracon or Christian.

And at the Metaurus,
Roman or Carthagagenian.

5.

And Earlier, on the Scroll of time,
Another name, not less sublime,
Was writ. At Marathon—
Immortal Marathon—
The die again was cast,
And civilization,
Persian or Grecian, was to be.
Asiatic despotism,
Was to darken and enslave the minds of men,
Or Anthenian democracy, to free and enlighten them.

6.

Again, the Mene Tekel is on the wall,
And the warning portends a mighty fall.
Belshazzar trembled in affright,
When he saw the fingers boldly write,
His doom, and Babylon's on that awful night.
And we, plain simple minded folks,
Are we quite awake? And do we realize,
That the Freedom of the world's at stake?

CANTO VIII.
AMERICA.

1.

Flag of American Democracy!
Long mayest thou wave! Forever wave,
"O'er the land of the free and home of the brave,"
A beacon light on the shore of time,
To light the path, and to cheer the mind,
And to nerve the heart of oppress'd mankind,
In every age, in every clime,
Throughout the days and the life of time.

2.

America. All hail!
I am thy son. I love thee well,
How much? None save thee can tell.
Like unto the Infinite,
It is measureless.
I before thy Altar stand,
The offering is thine. Command.

3.

I love thy glorious inheritance,
Thy grand old Constitution,
The sovereign bond of States in unison.
I love thy open-handed policy,
Thy liberal diplomacy,
Thy allegiance to fair dealing,
And thy fidelity to principle.

4.

I love thy stand—always thy stand,
For freedom, justice and equality;
Equality for little States,
As well as for big nations.
I love thy broad philanthropy,
Thy faith in growing humanity,

And thy world-wide democracy.
 I love thy great and fearless heart,
 Thy grand and mighty soul,
 The hope, the aspiration of the world.

5.

And today all is imperiled.
 The Goliath of Autocracy
 Has gone forth to battle and to destroy
 The Free Born Child—Democracy.
 Then beat the war-drum loud and strong,
 Then blow the trumpet loud and long,
 “And form the ranks, and march along.”

6.

Then rally to the flag, boys!
 Rally to the flag.
 There is a Tomb at Mount Vernon;
 Thither go and see,
 'Tis consecrate to freedom,
 And must and shall forever be.

7.

Then rally to the flag, boys!
 Rally to the flag.
 There is a Grave within the ocean,
 Somewhere in the deep,
 Where the sea-gulls never hover,
 And the mermaids never sleep;
 For, there are many murder'd women,
 As well as slaughter'd little children,
 The aged and infirm,
 The old and the young,
 The strong and the weak,
 The youth and the maid,
 The child and the babe,
 (An offering to one-eyed Woden,
 A hecatomb to sometime Odin),

Far down, underneath the water,
'Mid the wreckage and the slaughter,
In that dark and sunless Grave;
Somewhere in the ocean,
Somewhere in the deep,
Where the sea-gulls never hover,
And the mermaids never sleep.

8.

Then rally to the flag, boys!
Rally to the flag.
There's a pirate on the ocean,
A black flag upon the deep,
And the victims, yea, the victims,
The hapless victims,
Of the Lusitania sleep,
In that dark and sunless Grave,
Somewhere in the ocean,
Somewhere in the deep,
Where the sea-gulls never hover,
And the mermaids never sleep.

9.

Hail Columbia! Goddess of the Free!
All thy sons are coming—
Marching to the sea.
They have heard the wails of woman,
Ravish'd, tortur'd, enslav'd woman,
Appealing unto thee.
They have heard the cries of children,
Mutilated little children,
Calling unto thee.
They have seen the handless children,
Mutely looking unto thee.
Holding up their handless arms,
Despairingly to thee.

10.

Hail Columbia! Goddess of the Free!
All thy sons are coming—

Marching to the sea.
 They will sail the deep blue ocean,
 As their progenitors of yore,
 Without dictation,
 From any Autocratic shore.

11.

They will sail the storm-toss'd ocean,
 When the tempest sweeps the wave;
 They will sail the tranquil ocean,
 When the zephyr fans the wave,
 With no token of permission,
 From a treaty-breaking Knave,
 With no Emblems of submission,
 To a lying Hohenzollern Knave.

12.

Hail Columbia! Goddess of the Free!
 All thy sons are coming—
 Marching to the sea.
 They will vindicate thy principles,
 On the land and on the sea,
 They will drive that Prussian pirate,
 That black horror of the sea,
 Back, back to his home,
 To his Kultur'd home,
 In ruthless Germany.

AMERICA!

Behold the grave of the Lusitania—
 One of a thousand crimes—
 And shudder at the atrocity.

And by the GOD that is above us,
 By all that's dear and lovely around us,
 By all the ties of blood and home,
 By our father and our mother,

By our sister and our brother,
By our son and by our daughter,
By our baby girl and boy,
Let us remember,
That such are the victims of German slaughter,
On the land and on the water.
And the flag that floats above us,
Shall it wave? Or like the Lusitania,
Find its grave **At the Hands of German Kultur?**

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